

Tryall brings truth to light:

O R,

The prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.
A dainty new ditty of many things treating,

To the tune of the Begger-boy.



The world hath allurements and flattering shewes,
to purchase her Lovers good estimation,
Her tricks and devices he's wife that well knowes,
the learn'd in this science are taught by probation:
this truth when I finde,
it puts me in minde,
Among many matters which I am conceiting,
of one homely adage,
that's be'd in this mad age,
The prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Although this my subject seeme homely and meane,
yet you that with iudgement will consider the matter,
Some eares of good documents from it may gleane,
Which I from this sheafe of inuention will scatter:
now cunning and fraud
winnes greatest applause,
And under wits cloake many shelter their cheating,
but try and then trust,
for the world is vntruff,
And the prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

The knave and the honest man both are compleat,
in gesture, in words, and in company keeping,
Say commonly they who doe meane most deceit,
more easily into mens bosomes are creeping:
with counterfeit sales,
which too much preuailes,
And proffers of courtship often repeating,
but speake as you finde,
and still beare in minde,
That the prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Open promises may be compared to snow,
as ice at the best, by cold weather congealed,
They're hard in the morning, at noone nothing so,
though with protestations their minds are revealed:
yet when the hot beames,
of disastrous flames,
Doth melt their intentions, then they'l be flaking,
their words differ cleane,
from what they doe meane,
But the prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There be of both sexes that haue faire outsid'es,
like Iayes with the feathers of Peacocks adorned,
A faire suite of scarlet, or plush, often hides
a carkeffe infirme, with diseases deformed:
and now in these times,
men cover their crimes,
With shadowes of vertue, their bzaines still beating,
which way to doe naught,
and yet hide their fault,
But the prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many thraconicall prattling Jacks,
that upon their Ale-bench will sell bzaue discourses,
Were Ajax alive they would not turne their backs,
their tongues shall supply the defect of their purses:
But take them at their words,
they'l scant draw their swords,
Instead of bzanadoes they fall to intreating:
but giue me that blade,
that does more than he said,
For the prooffe of a pudding is all in the eating.

The second part

To the same tune.



When I doe want nothing I have stoe of friends,
I mean friends in shadow but nothing substan-
If I will beleene every one that pretends,
I shal have more courtosie than any man shall:

But when I have need
to use them indeed,
Like cowardly souldiers they fall to retreating,
but he is my friend,
that helps me i'th end,
For the proove of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many in company boast of their skill,
in wonderfull misteries secret and hidden,
You may give beleefe to their words if you will,
upon winged Pegasus oft they have ridden:
If any in place
will binto their face

Oppose them with boldnesse, their projects defeating,
their courage will quaille,
and they'l tel a new tale

For the proove of a pudding, &c.

I have sene a Gallant att'ed like a Lord,
yet often through want'he's infor to be spareing:
He's daily a guest at Duke Humphries boord,
and sometimes he killeth his belly with swearing:
I have sene likewise,
a plaine man in frize,
Wh' good mutton-belnet that glitters with sweating,
he calls and he paves,
and he meanes as he says,
Thus the proove of a pudding is all in the eating.

Theres many that when they affliction doe feele,
as poverty, sicknesse, and other disasters,

Then unto their friends they will humbly knole,
and say, under heaven they are their best masters:
but when through those friends
their misery ends,
Ingratefully all former kindnesse forgetting,
they them doe disdain,
who did them maintaine,
Thus the proove of a pudding, &c.

There are many men when they first come a wooing
to Widows or Maidens with great protestations,
Such wonderfull courtesies they'l then be shewing,
and they silly creatures beleave their relations:
their lones very hot,
until they have got
The thing that they wish by their subtille intreating,
then they prove unkinde,
and poore women doe finde
That the proove of a pudding is all in the eating.

Thus briefly and plainly I have here expressed,
my mind and conceit of this proverbe so homely,
Wherein at the truth very nere I have guessed,
and deckt it in ornaments decent and comely:
I hope it will sell
abroad very well,
With those who love truth, and abhor all cheating;
till tryall be made,
no more can be said,
For the proove of a pudding is all in the eating.

F I N I S.

M.P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.